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The Mascot

BY

ROBERT CAMPBELL.

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ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE
Franklin, Ohio

THE MASCOT

A Play in Three Acts

By Robert Campbell.

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PUBLISHED BY
ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE,
FRANKLIN, OHIO.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Robert Lee Pinkney, a Freshman from South Carolina.
Vance Mason (*Orpheus*), Leader of the Orchestra.
Charlie Evans, a Glee Club Man.
Reginald De Quincy (*Spider*), a Sophomore.
Fred Hunter, Captain of the Football Team.
John Wesley Morris (*Deacon*), Manager of the Club.
Three College Boys.
Howard Harrison, the Mascot, a Second Year Prep.

Place—Clinton College.

Time—From the opening of school to Thanksgiving.

Time in representation—One hour.

NOTE—Mason, Evans and the three other college boys should all be men who can sing. There is an opportunity to work in a quartette.

COSTUMES AND PERSONALITIES

Pinkney—Rather small, quick-tempered, talks with strong southern accent. Act I—Dressed in a somewhat "back-woodsy" costume, in contrast to other college boys. Act II—Quite well dressed, college style. Act III—Red jersey, black trousers. May wear coat sweater in Scene 2. *Mason Evans and other College Boys*—Acts I and II—Well dressed in campus style. May wear jerseys or flannel shirts. Act III—Night shirts over other clothing; school caps.

De Quincy—Fat, very lazy, fond of eating. Act I—Fairly well dressed in street clothes; hat. Act II—Dressing gown. Act III—Night Shirt over other clothing.

Hunter—Act I—Football suit; red sweater with large white "C." Act II—Lounging costume; dressing gown, etc. Act III—Jersey with letter; dark trousers.

Morris—Quiet costume.

Harrison—Very small, quick-witted, impetuous; a general favorite. Act I—Short trousers; coat sweater with miniature football "C" on left side; school cap. Act II—Soft shirt; no coat; short trousers. Act III—Night shirt over other costume.

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THE MASCOT

ACT I.

TIME—*Opening of the scholastic year; afternoon.*

SCENE—*The study room of De Quincy and Harrison. The room has not yet been put in order. Harrison and De Quincy discovered carrying in the latter's trunk. De Quincy is nearly overcome by his struggle up the stairs.*

Har. Well, come on, Spider; don't get the idea into your bean that this is a funeral procession.

De Q. Well (*puff*) its no track meet, by cricky, and (*puff*) its my trunk, and I'm going to take as much time as I want to. (*Sits down upon trunk and wipes face.*) It's a blooming shame there's no elevator in this place. I'd about as soon crawl up a fire escape as those pesky stairs. If I'd known that I'd have to take a room on the third floor of this blessed beanery I'd have tried to get board out in town again.

Har. And if I had known that that freak of a deacon was going to make me room with a cross between a baby hippopotamus and a feather bed, I certainly would have persuaded my grandfather to send me to another school.

De Q. I can assure you that you don't regret the exceedingly deplorable fact of our rooming together any more than I do. If there is anything I enjoy on this terrestrial sphere it's peace and quietude, and from what I saw of you last year I don't think I'll have either.

Har. (*Aside.*) I don't think so myself.

De Q. If I keep on having this bad luck like I have been having so far this year I shall not last through the term, I declare I shall not. First, my landlady out in town tells me that, considering the fact that I jarred all the plastering off the downstairs ceiling when I mistook

the church bell for the fire alarm last year, she will have to ask me to board elsewhere. And when I apply for rooms here at the club, this sainted apostle of a deacon tells me that all the rooms are taken except one on the third floor with you, and he feels sure our relations will be most congenial. Sufferin' ancestors of Moses, I wonder what he thinks I am.

Har. My dear Spider, keep your hair on. You've no idea what an angel of a chap you've got for a roommate; and fat boys always were my special pets,—they're so nice to stick pins in.

De Q. You onery little villain, if I ever catch you trying to stick a pin in me, I'll—I'll—

Har. No, Spider, my son, you won't do anything of the kind. You'll bear it like the little martyr that you are. But don't worry; I shan't bother you for a while yet anyway. Football practice began yesterday and I'll have to be down on the field every minute. Oh, I wonder what kind of a team we'll have this year. Spider, if we lack line material I'm going to tell the captain to try you out. You won't star on sensational runs, I'll admit, but you ought to be able to stop a hole anyhow.

De Q. Football! ! Me play football? Never would I risk my life in such a brutal and disgraceful game.

Har. (*Punching De Q.*) You great big lubber. You've got about as much school spirit as a sea cow, and your backbone is nothing but a stick of macaroni. Get off that trunk and help me put this room to rights. What have you got in there anyhow—anything that's fit to put up? (*Opens trunk.*) Gee-hoshaphat! Spider, you are an angel; you're a regular little cherub. Say, this cake looks good; slightly mashed, but no matter. And we'd better eat these bananas up right away before they spoil. We can leave the apples and nuts for awhile. Spider, you'll get your reward in the next world. (*Eats.*)

De Q. Well, it's a cinch I'll never get it here.

Har. (*Calmly.*) True, Spider, very true.

(*Enter Evans and Mason, R., the latter strumming guitar or violin.*)

Har. Hello, fellows, have some refreshments. Mr. De Quincy here, in accordance with his natural generosity is putting out to the crowd.

De Q. (*Ruefully aside*). And I wanted that stuff to last till Thanksgiving.

(*Enter other glee club boys, R.*)

Har. Come in fellows. We are a little torn up here for social functions at present, but distribute yourselves as advantageously as possible. Spider (*taking him by the ear*) get up and let Mr. Mason have that chair. Have you no idea at all of your social duties? (*Spider goes mournfully off and sits on the floor.*)

Mas. No, thank you, I'd rather stand up; can play better.

Har. Oh can you? Perhaps it's just as well. (*Takes chair himself.*) What sort of a glee club will you have this year, Charlie? Why, all of you fellows are glee club men, aren't you? We'll just let you put on a little stunt for our mutual edification. (*Stands on chair and strikes posture.*) Ladies and gentlemen—It affords me peculiar pleasure upon this most auspicious occasion to present to you a fragment of the Clinton College Glee Club. Authorities differ, but the general consensus of opinion is that this is the most superior organization of its kind upon the American platform today. Prof. Vance Mason, with his troupe of talented vocalists will now sing to us.

Mas. Gee, Mascot, you ought to go along as our manager. What do you want us to sing?

Har. Oh, I don't give a rap; anything that's got a good swing to it.

Mas. How will this do?

(*The boys sing some characteristic college song, Mason accompanying.*)

De Q. Well, I want to ask right here if this is a sample of the noise we've got to put up with all year long.

Evans. Noise? Why, Spider, where's your sense of musical appreciation? Do you think you can improve on our performance?

De Q. Can I? Well, I should hope so.

Evans. Honest, Spider, can you sing?

Others. Come on, Spider, give us one.

De Q. I used to be considered one of the best singers in Jonesburg. Took lessons for nearly two months, so you see I ought to be pretty good. But I don't sing no more since I got so fleshy.

Evans. Well, give us a sample of what you used to do.

All. That's a good boy, Spider, come on.

Mas. Yes, what do you want to sing? I'll accompany you.

De Q. "Old Black Joe" used to be a favorite of mine.

Mas. (*Striking chord.*) All right, let 'er go.

(*De Q. sings abominably, and the boys go through all sorts of contortions.*)

Har. (*Grabbing De Q. and shaking him.*) Reginald De Quincy, if you ever feel a spell like that coming on again don't hesitate to tell us, and we'll excuse you to go to the coal cellar. But if you put on such a performance as that up here in this room again, I'll—I'll take you out on the gridiron and make the whole first team run over you.

(*Knock at door. Enter Morris with Pinkney, R. Latter carries suitcase.*)

Mor. Good evening, gentlemen; I have here a pleasant little surprise for you.

Har. (*Disgustedly.*) Is that it? Don't keep us in suspense.

Mor. This is Mr. Robert Lee Pinkney, of Jacksonville, South Carolina. He came too late to get a room, and the dormitory is so crowded that we'll have to stay three in a suite for awhile. I brought Mr. Pinkney up here to you because I knew you were such good hospitable fel-

lows, and ready to welcome any stranger in a strange land. I wish I had more time to talk with you, but I'm very busy, so good evening.

(*Exit R.*)

De Q. Oh heavens, who would ever have thought I'd be a matron in a foundling asylum?

Pink. (*Grabbing De Q. by collar.*) See here, sir, I'll have you understand that if you don't want me to room up here, say so, and I surely won't stay. And furthermore, if I do stay, I won't need you for a nurse because men in my country are able to take care of themselves.

Har. (*Admiringly.*) Bully for you, old man; shake. Of course we'll keep you. Harrison is my name. I'd introduce you to the rest of the fellows, but you'll learn them pretty soon anyway.

(*Enter Hunter, R., with football.*)

All. Hello, old fellow; how are you, old man, etc.

Hun. How do you guys feel after vacation; like you were going to clean up this year? What have you been doing this summer?

Evans. Stayed out on a farm the whole blessed time, and the only singing I got to do was at night in opposition to the frogs.

Har. Oh Fred, what do you suppose grandfather promised me this year?

Hun. Can't imagine, youngster; what is it, a trip to Europe or a good licking if you don't get better grades?

Har. He told me that if I'd make "A" in math the first quarter he'd send me a motorcycle. What do you think of that?

Hun. The old gentleman was gambling on a safe proposition, wasn't he?

Har. No, sir; you just watch your uncle William. I'm going to get that motorcycle if I have to bust something to do it.

Mas. What's the prospect for a team this year, Hunter?

Hun. Oh, I don't know. To tell you the truth, I'm afraid it's sort o' punk. I'm not worrying about my line, for there are plenty of big, husky fellows on the campus that ought to be able to stop a freight train. The back field's shaky, but I think one or two of last year's seconds will show up pretty well there. It's the ends I'm worried about. Wheeler is a pretty good man, just an average player, though; but who we'll put on the other end is what's got me. I thought once of trying Saunders, but—.

Har. Saunders couldn't stop a baby carriage on level ground.

Hun. Yes, that's so, too. Then I thought of Stark, but it takes him five minutes to get started, and when he does get to going he couldn't dodge a telephone pole to save his neck. Goodness knows what I'll do. Wait for Providence to send somebody, I guess. (*Notices Pinkney.*) Hello, where did you find this?

Har. Captain Hunter, this is Mr. Robert Lee Pinkney, lately from the wilds of South Carolina. In spite of a little latent pugnacity Mr. Pinkney is a very admirable little chap.

Hun. (*Looking him over.*) Ever play football?

Pink. No sir.

Hun. Ever see a football?

Pink. No sir.

Har. (*Aside.*) Hopeless.

Hun. (*Jams football into Pinkney's stomach.*) Well, there's a football; think you could handle it?

Pink. I don't know, sir, but I reckon I could. I can carry two watermelons at once.

Hun. Pretty good preliminary training all right. Let's see how you manage it. (*The two pass the ball.*) Well, you're awful small, but come on down to the field. We'll need a bunch of fellows on the scrub team.

(*Exeunt Hun. and Pink. R.*)

Har. I'll bet Mr. Robert Lee Pinkney either kills

somebody down there, or gets brought back feet first. And, Spider, if you ever feel tempted to indulge in any disparaging remarks about our new roommate, kindly conquer the temptation, 'cause Pink is going to be a friend of mine.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

TIME—*Evening, two weeks before Thanksgiving.*

SCENE—*Same as Act I, except that the room is now in order. Pink. and Harrison discovered studying.*

Har. Do you know, Pink, I'm getting sort o' worried about Spider.

Pink. Worried about him; what's the matter?

Har. Oh, he's getting so pale and thin. Why he weighed the other day, and didn't weigh but 217 pounds. I believe the poor boy needs something to sort of stir him up. You know it has been awfully dull around here lately.

Pink. No I hadn't noticed it. Been too busy. Say, be still while I get this Latin.

Har. (*After a few minutes.*) Say, Pink. (*No reply.*) Pink.

Pink. Look here, Mascot, if you don't let me study I won't show you how to make that tackle I promised you.

Har. But listen just a little, Pink. You take physiology, don't you?

Pink. (*Abstractedly*). Uh huh.

(*Har. goes over and whispers in Pink's ear.*)

Pink. (*Very much surprised.*) What in the name of Daniel Boone do you want with that thing? (*More whispering.*)

Har. Do you suppose he'll let us have it?

Pink. Oh, I guess so; he likes me pretty well.

Har. Then you'll get it for me, won't you?

Pink. I've got an engagement at eight and it's nearly seven now.

Har. Please do, Pink. You'll just about have time to fix it up. Go on, I've put the fellows next.

Pink. Well, I guess we'd better not disappoint them.

(*Exit R.*)

Har. "Got an engagement." I wonder what that engagement is. He's having these engagements too often to suit me. That makes three this week. Well, I've got to go and finish fixing Spider's little surprise for him.

(*Exit R. Enter De Q., L.*)

De Q. Oh gee, I guess I'll have to study a little (*Yawns and stretches himself.*) And I'm sort o' sleepy, too. I don't see what we have to study for anyhow. Wonder what I'd better do first. Let's see. Here's an essay I've got to have for literary society. I wrote it on temperence; wonder how it sounds. (*Reads.*) "Look not on the wine when it is red," saith the Good Book. What is the primal curse of our land today? What is it that is the wrecker of homes and the breaker of happiness? What is it that makes our young men pale, enervated and weak?

Har. (*Who has entered R. at the beginning of the last sentence.*) Club House grub! Cut such bursts of eloquence, Spider; they are unseemly on your part.

(*Enter Hunter, R.*)

Hun. Have you fellows got the correct time? My old alarm clock has gone back on me and my watch is down at the jeweler's.

Har. Yes, it's—(*all lights go out*). Well what do you think of that! I wonder what's the matter.

Hun. Can't imagine. Wait till I go see.

(*Exit R.*)

De Q. Oh dear I wish the lights would come back on. It seems so sort o' creepy without them.

Har. They'll be on in a minute. Gee, I've got to grind tonight.

(*Enter Hunter, R.*)

Hun. The Deacon says the main wire has been broken and it probably won't be fixed for several hours. What the mischief are we going to do; sit around in Egyptian darkness?

De Q. I've got a little old lamp here that we sometimes heat things on.

Hun. For the love of Moses trot it out, it's better than nothing.

(*The lamp is produced and lighted.*)

(*Enter Mason and Evans, R.*)

Evans. Hello. You fellows got a light? You're that much better off than we are.

Har. Sit down, fellows. We'll deposit this little beacon in the middle of the table, thuswise, and lo, it giveth light to all the third floor.

Mas. By the way, where is Pink tonight?

De Q. I don't know; he chased off somewhere.

Har. He said he had an engagement. I don't like it one bit. He won't even tell me where he's gone.

Evans. I'll tell you what's the matter; he's in love.

All. In love!

Evans. Fact. He's in love with that little Martin girl that lives over on Benton Avenue.

Hun. How do you know?

Evans. I work a good deal at the florist's, you know, and he is always sending her flowers, and they say he puts out just bushels of candy too.

De Q. Maybe that's the cause of the last seventeen

new ties he bought; but why don't he ever take her anywhere?

Evans. I don't know; can't get up the courage, I guess. They say he's sure dead gone on that girl though.

Har. I don't believe it. He's got more sense than to fall in love. Besides, he would tell me. Why all he cares for is football.

Mas. Well, did you ever see anybody take to football like he did? I firmly believe he won that last game for us.

Hun. Yes sir, and two months ago that boy didn't know a football from a balloon. I found him up here in the Mascot's room one afternoon at the opening of school and looked him over. We needed some men on the scrub team, so I towed Mr. Pinkney down to the field with me and turned him over to Jones, who's coaching the scrubs, you know. Jones stuck him on one of the ends, and told him to stop any fellow that was coming his way and carrying the ball. Pink must have taken him awful seriously, for along about the second or third signal I called a quarter-back run around his end. About the time I got to going good that little son-of-a-gun got by my interference and hit me the hardest tackle I ever got in my life. That surprised me some, so I sent a half-back around Pink's end and he got dumped about like I did. And don't you know we never did put a successful play by him the whole afternoon. This kind of thing went on for about a week, Pink absorbing football knowledge all the time like a sponge takes up water, until I finally had him transferred to the first team. And he's been the star ever since. He is simply a born football player. Wait till you see him in that Thanksgiving game; he'll win it for us, just watch him.

Mas. He certainly is some football player. Isn't it quiet in the dorm tonight. Wonder where all the fellows are.

Hun. Probably since the lights went out they went to town to see some of the out-in-town kids. Say, I bet

this old barn is good and lonesome when all the fellows are gone.

Evans. Lonesome, I should say it is. I stayed here all by myself one Christmas, and I nearly turned gray-headed before school opened again. You can hear more funny noises around here at night and I tell you it's positively spooky.

Mas. Did you ever hear what they found when they dug for the foundation of this building?

All. No, what was it?

Mas. Well, I was talking with old Prof. Porter one day, and he said the workmen found two skeletons. They were in an awful shape, he said. One of them had the other by the throat, and the one that was being choked had his hand on a knife that was between the other skeleton's ribs. It was supposed that one man had strangled another, and the dying man stabbed his murderer, and dirt and stuff washed in and buried them. Pleasant thing to be living on top of, isn't it?

Har. Uh! And they say that the spirit never quite leaves a skeleton till the bones are all rotted.

Evans. Reminds me of a little experience I had once.

All. Tell us about it.

Evans. One night on a dare I went to stay in an old graveyard. Nobody knows how long the old place had been deserted. I hung round till the moon came out, when all at once I noticed something shining under a bush. I walked over and kicked it and a skull rolled out. You bet I beat it.

(*De Quincy becomes more and more excited and scared.*)

Hun. Sort o' like a thing that happened to me once. It was while I was living at Melbourne. You know there is a big medical college located there. One night one of the students who was doing a little janitor work came to me and wanted me to stay all night with him in the laboratory. He said something had been going wrong there, and he wanted to find out what it was. I

stayed, but I tell you I didn't like it one bit. They had skeletons all around the wall in glass cases, and stiffs lying on the tables, and the odor was something fierce. Along about midnight when everything was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop, there—. (*Heavy knock at door.*)

Har. Come.

(*Enter a drayman with box, R.*)

Dray. Is this where Mr. De Quincy rooms?

De Q. (*Trembling violently.*) Yes; I'm the fellow.

Dray. Here's a box for you.

De Q. (*Joyfully.*) It's my Thanksgiving box. I knew it was about time for it to get here. Gee, but I'm glad to see it.

Hun. (*Rising and yawning.*) Well, it's time all training men were in bed.

Evans. Let's beat it up town, Vance.

Har. Let me get my cap and I'll go with you.

De Q. Don't you fellows want to stay and see what's in my box?

Har. No, you'll get more fun opening it by yourself.

(*Exeunt all but De Q., R.*)

(*As De Q. is opening the box the boys slip back and stand crowded in the door. De Q. pulls an object rolled in paper from the box, unrolls it, and reveals a skull. He drops it with a yell and falls to his knees with clasped hands. The boys are convulsed with silent laughter.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

TIME—*Afternoon of day following Act II.*

SCENE—*Same as Acts I and II.*

(*Enter Harrison, wildly waving paper.*)

Har. Wow! Who said I wasn't some mathematician! Math. 92. What do you think of that? Prof. Greene said, "Mr. Harrison, I am delighted to see that you are improving so." I said, "Yessum, so am I." Watch me hit Grandad for that motorcycle. (*Sits down and writes; reads.*) "Dear Grandad, made 92 in math. Send motorcycle by return mail." I calculate that will fetch him. Now I'll send this off right away. Oh, where's an envelope? I wonder if Pink has one in this box. (*Finds girl's picture.*) Well what do you think of that? That little Martin girl's picture. So he is in love sure enough. (*Steps approaching.*) Gee, there's Pink now. If he finds me with this—. (*Hides behind sofa.*)

(*Enter Pink, R.*)

Pink. So the jig's up. Money all gone, $75 in debt, and all bills due. What on earth shall I do? Oh, why was I, why am I such a fool about that girl? I didn't know I was spending all this on her, though. Here's a florist's bill of $33.50; a confectioner's bill of $17.95; a bill from the clothing store; a bill from everywhere, it seems to me, and I haven't a cent, not a red cent in the world. (*Pause.*) Oh, it was a fool's trick, and I'm the fool. (*Pause.*) And yet it was worth it, by George it was. I believe in my soul that little girl loves me, and if she does—. Well, there's nothing to do but to go back to the farm and go to work. No Thanksgiving game for me. Lord, how I hate to miss it. (*Starts to pack up, then stops.*) Oh, I can pack up tonight. I'll go down for one last look at the old team, and I'll leave on the afternoon train tomorrow.

(*Exit, R.*)

Har. Well—what—do—you—know—about—that? $75

in the hole and deeper than that in love. Goodness knows one's bad enough, but both together must be fierce. By George, I don't see how a man can be such a fool as to fall in love. Now I've never been in love in my life, and I know I've had just as good a chance as anybody. And Pink said he had to go home. If he goes we will lose that Thanksgiving game sure, I just know we will. What the mischief can we do? He's so blooming proud that he wouldn't take money even if we could scrape it up. (*Pause, takes letter from pocket, reads it and slowly tears it up.*) By George, Pink's *going* to stay here and win that game.

CURTAIN.

(*This scene may be lengthened by introducing the quartette or a glee club at this point. The boys can rush in and ask Harrison to hear them try a new song, etc.*)

SCENE II.

TIME—Night after Thanksgiving game.

SCENE—Same as Scene I.

(*Enter Har. with drum after leading night-shirt parade.*)

Har. Well, it's all over; 6 to 12 in our favor, and Pink made the last touchdown. I never saw such playing as he did. Gee, but I'm tired. Leading night-shirt parades sure is work. I wonder how long before Pink will be in. (*Lies on sofa and goes to sleep.*)

(*Enter Pink, R.*)

Pink. Well, we've won and I've done my duty to the college. I guess the fellow that sent me that $200 is satisfied now. I wonder who the Dickens he could be, and how he discovered I was busted. I'll find out some day, and the thing for me to do now is to go home and make enough to pay it back. Huh, here's the kid tired to death from leading that parade. He sure has been

loyal today. The little beggar is sound asleep. Well, here goes for packing up.

Har. (*Stirring in his sleep.*) Won—6-12—worth it. Pink had to have money to stay or lose game.

Pink. What's that? (*Goes over and kneels by Harrison's side.*)

Har. Dear Grandfather, made 92 in math. Send Pink motorcycle money.

Pink. What? So you sacrificed your motorcycle rather than have me out of the game. Well, you are a mascot worth having. This celebration isn't over yet by a long shot. (*Starts for door and meets De Q., Hun., Mas., Evans, and other college boys coming in, all talking excitedly.*)

Hun. And you say the Mascot gave Pink his motorcycle money?

De Q. Yes, I caught him writing the letter to Pink and he made me promise not to tell till after the game. I told him he was a little fool, but he would do it.

Hun. Well what do you think of that for pure out and out loyalty? I wonder—why here he is now, asleep. Here, youngster, wake up. Say, Mr. Howard Harrison, Mascot, do you know what you have done?

Har. (*Sleepily.*) No, no; what's the matter?

Hun. Youngster, you've done the biggest thing that's ever happened in Clinton College. You've won the game and the state championship for us just as much as if you had made the touchdown, and if your name isn't in every paper reporting the game I never hope to play again.

Har. Spider, did you let it out?

Pink. You told me in your sleep a moment ago. And I want to say right now, Mascot, that you did a bigger thing than win a football game. You saved me the disgrace of going home with unpaid bills. But don't think I'm not going to pay you back. I'm going home tomorrow and work till I get the money, then I'll—.

Har. Oh, Pink, please don't go. Why—why just

think of leaving me up here all by myself with Spider, and nobody to talk to, and nobody to have any fun with, and—and I don't need the motorcycle, and—oh, you won't go and leave me, will you, Pink?

De Q. No, don't go, Pink, 'cause if you do this little brat will be all the time picking on me.

Evans. Of course you won't go. The Mascot's motorcycle money was a pure gift to the college, and he ought to have the say in this matter.

Har. And look here at the letter I got from Grandad today, Pink. He says, "Dear Howard: I sent the money as you requested instead of the motorcycle. I can't understand your attitude in sacrificing your machine in order that your football hero may stay in college, but I am not at all angry. If the fellow is a good end he ought to be in school."—You know Grandad is nearly as big a football crank as I am; used to play when he was a boy.—"Tell him to come home with you next summer, and I'll give him a good job. Also tell him that I don't blame him for falling in love with a pretty girl, but to court her in a more economical fashion." Won't you, Pink?

Pink. Mascot, you are a regular trump. I don't know whether it's right or not, but I'll go with you, and in the future I won't be such a fool about girls. In the meantime and for evermore, (*shaking hands*) I'm certainly proud to call you my friend.

Hun. What's the matter with the Mascot, the biggest man on the team?

All. He's all right.

Hun. Who's all right?

All. Mascot. Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
MASCOT!!

CURTAIN.

(This play may be made much longer by the interpolation of musical numbers. Excellent choruses and quartettes will be found in "The Most Popular New Songs for Glee Clubs" (Words and Piano). Price fifty cents and "The Most Popular New Songs for Male Quartettes" (Words and Piano). Price fifty cents. These books may be ordered from The Eldridge Entertainment House, Franklin, Ohio.)

RELEASED FOR AMATEUR PRODUCTION.

"The Little Politician"

By SEYMOUR S. TIBBALS

A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

SEVEN MALES AND THREE FEMALES

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